

arrived and the first thing I notice is the engine, it is called Charity for I read in my guide book, 1 Cor. xiii, 13 "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity." How strong and large it is, it can haul millions of passengers. But I must hurry as time is flying fast. I must find out who the engineer is, and see if he is trust-worthy. And I find in my guide book in Jno. xiv, 29. "But the comforter which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and brings all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." How kind he must be, to comfort me and teach me all things. I am not afraid to risk my life in his hands. And I notice also a head-light, and I look in my guide-book to see what it is called, and in Psa. cxix, 105. I read "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." Then the head-light must be the word of God; what a glorious light it spreads forth, it is so brilliant when guided by the skillful hand of the engineer that you can see all the dangerous places, so that you can avoid them, how dangerous they look since the engineer the Holy Spirit has thrown the head-light, the word of God upon them. But I must get on the train if I expect to be saved, so I go to the car, how grand it looks, and at the top I see this inscription in beautiful letters "I am the door, by me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." So I enter this magnificent car, and along comes the conductor. I ask the passengers what his name is? They say it is, The Heavenly Father. How kind he looks, he comes up and greets me with a smile, and says kindly, "My son give me thy ticket, which is called life. I offer him part of it, he says I cannot go unless I give him my whole ticket or life. But he is so kind and trust-worthy that I give him my whole life. Now I look about me to see who the passengers are, and I beheld a great multitude which no man could number of all nations and kindreds, and people and tribes, and tongues. Those that were deformed, and had crutches, but they all had smiling faces and all seemed to be happy. They all welcomed me heart-

ily. And I also noticed they had guide books like the one I had.

Now we start for heaven, that beautiful place, the place I had read so much about. How fast we seemed to go, yet how many temptations and pleasures were held out to us along this narrow road, but our guide-book told us not to accept them as they were false. But see it is growing dark; now it is as dark as a dungeon's gloom. What place is this? I look into my guide-book, and it says it is the valley and shadow of death. Here comes the conductor, he comforts our fears, how pleasant he looks in these dark hours. He comes to us and says, "fear not for I am with you." Now we emerge from this dark tunnel into what? I look at my book it says, the great ocean of eternity. I next notice the passengers; what has happened? I see no more consumptive faces, no wrinkles on their brows, no sorrowful looks, no deformed limbs, no crutches, every thing is changed, they are all dressed in white robes, every one has an angelic smile on his face. They say we are nearing the great depot Heaven. What is it I smell? They say it is the fragrant perfumes wafted by the great winds of eternity off of the beautiful flowers that are blooming along the banks of the river of life. But Hark! I hear sweet strains of music as they compress the very air of eternity into sweet music and pouring it forth upon the soul, which, seems to float away on this swelling tide of harmony.

We enter Heaven, and we are greeted by the great angelic choir, we are home at last, how glad we are, Oh, how beautiful every thing looks, I see loved ones meet, that have been separated for years. I see that little golden haired daughter that was layed away many years ago, she runs up and clasp father in her little arms. How joyous they are, I see no sin there, no death, no funerals, to go to, no separation of loved ones, no tomb-stones, but all is joy, peace, and happiness. Let's all be on this gospel railroad, and enter that glorious haven of rest.

ROGER DARLING.

But more than all this, he is "a cup of salvation," imparting *life-saving power* to all such as *partake of his cup*.

## Home Circle.

### BLESSING OF THE MERCIFUL.

BY J. BYINGTON SMITH, D. D.

"Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy."—Matt. v, 7.

The merciful themselves receive  
As they to others mercy give;

As God for each of us has care,  
So he commands that thou should'st be  
To others as he is to thee

If thou would his rich mercies share.

Who give themselves for other's gain  
The greater good shall they attain;

Who pity have for human woe,

Or healing balm for other's grief

For other's comfort and relief,

Shall mercy reap as they bestow.

Compassion for another's woes

To them and us brings sweet repose;

When other's troubles we begin

To bear, and care for those in need,

We find the pit from which they're freed

The grave our own are buried in.

It is in giving we receive,

By sacrifice we truly live;

Not much or little we attain,

But generous use of it we make

For others and the Master's sake

Attests for us our loss or gain.

God's rich abundant mercy flows

To whomsoever mercy shows,

And Christ the merciful makes known

That they who shall the needy give,

Or who for good of others live,

Shall share in blessings with his own.

—The Standard

### THE SINS OF ONE'S YOUTH.

There is something very sad as well as instructive in David's prayer. "Remember not the sins of my youth." Zophar, in the Book of Job, says, "His bones are full of the sins of his youth." Not only can bodily diseases be traced to the indiscretions and disobedience of youth, but also confirmed habits and overmastering sins and hardened guilt.

It is a fateful truth, that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Sow a thought and reap a desire; sow a desire and reap an act; sow an act and reap a habit; sow a habit and reap a life; sow a life and reap an eternity. The reaping must be the same in kind, and manifold in degree.

These sins of youth will have their revenge in bodily ailments and mental associations and spiritual temptations. Grace does not affect them, nor can one grow out of them. The stains and scars and crooks remain through all the growth. God may have forgiven them, but one cannot forget them, nor cease to blush at their remembrance. Most of the sins of age